The Who Tree

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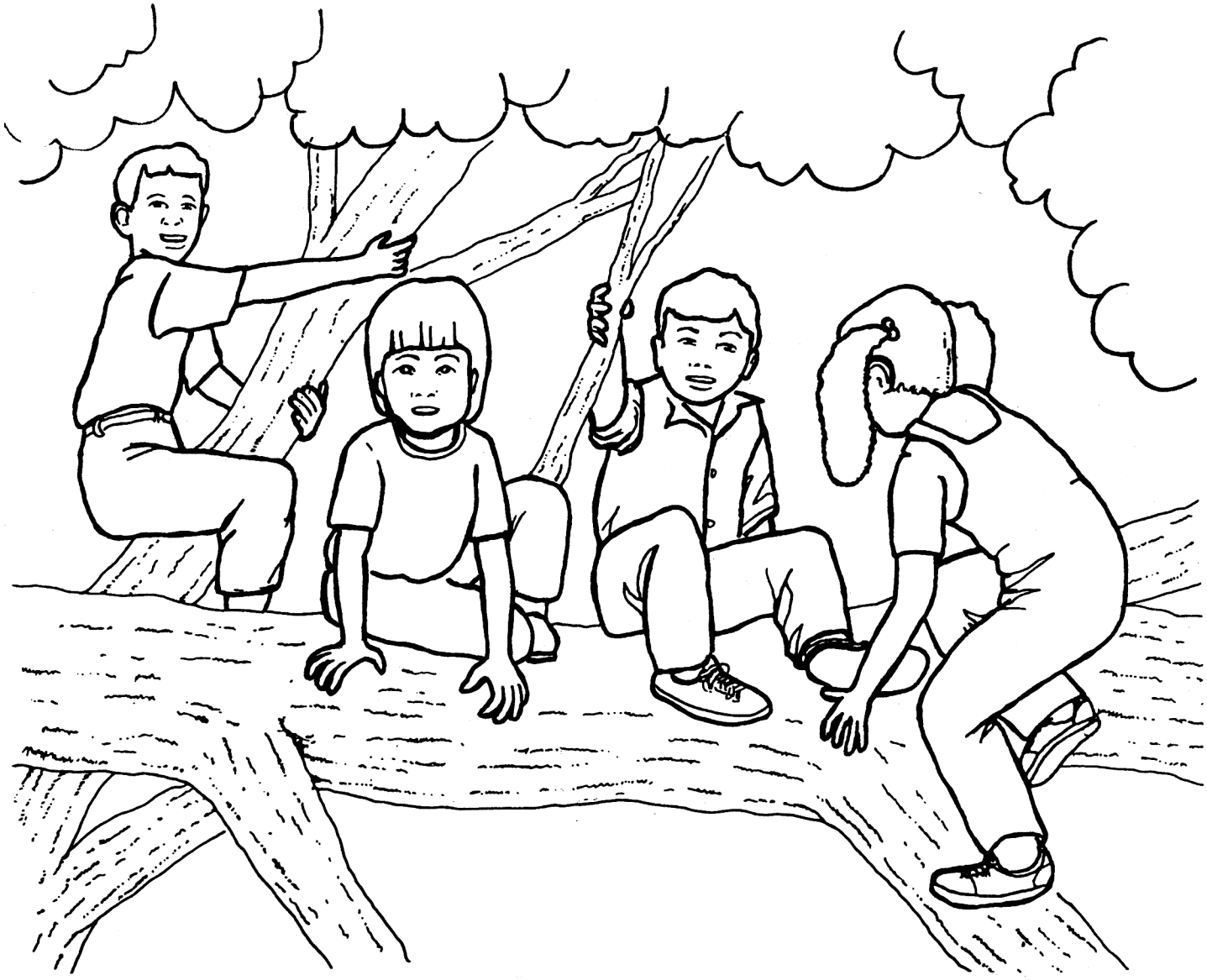
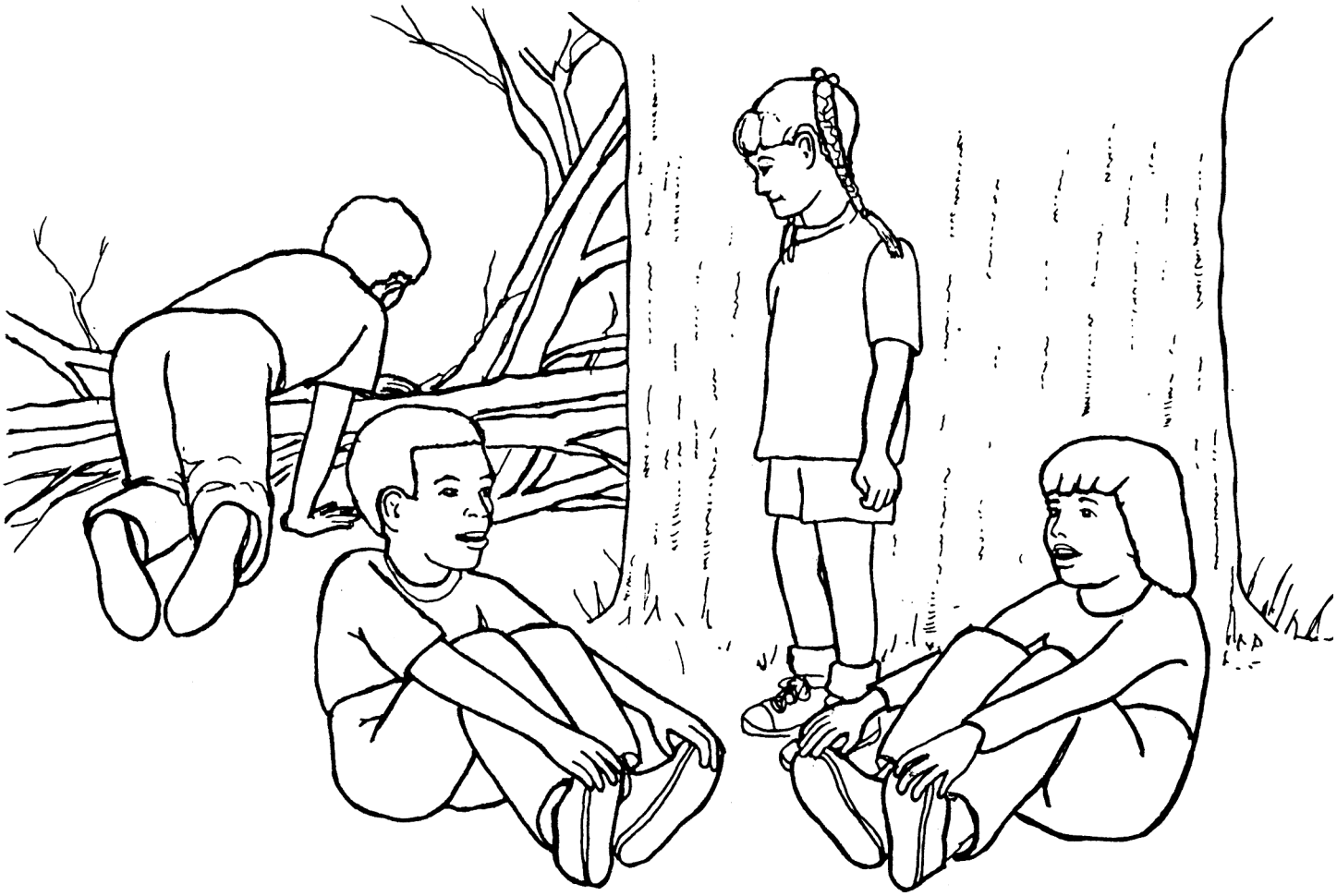


Here's why the kids from Mark Twain School made their fort in the tree. It was a big tree. The biggest tree in the little woods. The branches spread out a very long way. When you climbed it, if you found the right spot, there were so many leaves you couldn't see down.

An owl lived in the tree. Every night he would make noises. They were scary noises. No other kids would come near a tree that was this big and scary. So the kids from Mark Twain School made their fort there.

The kids were Jason, Kim, Enrique and Lucy.



Here's why the kids from Armstrong School made their playhouse under the tree. There were lots of branches lying around. They could pile them up and make rooms. The tree spread out very far. So even on the hottest day there was plenty of cool shade. The tree was so big it was easy to find. Anne and Michael liked to sit under the tree and watch the mammals and birds. Lots of mammals and birds came and went all day in the big tree. Lizzy and Nathan liked to keep the playhouse neat. They all liked to eat lunch in the playhouse. They brought sandwiches and lemonade from home.

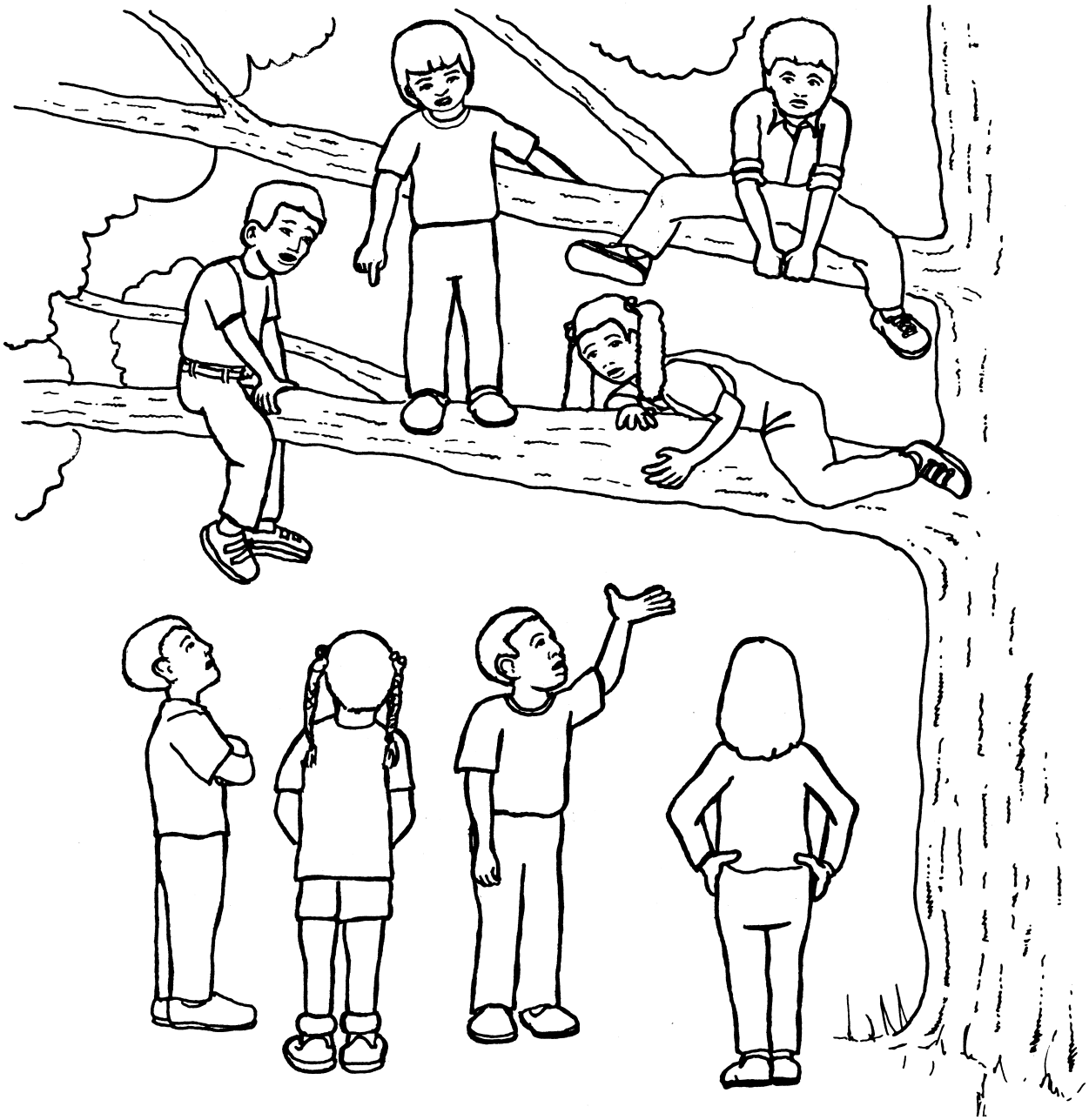
The Armstrong kids did not like it when the Twain kids made their fort.

The Twain kids did not like it when they found Armstrong kids under their tree.

“Go away,” said the Twains.

“We were here first,” said the Armstrongs.

The Twains were mad. How can you have a fort when there are enemies under your tree?



The Armstrongs were mad. How can you have a happy house with strangers in the branches?

One day, Jason yelled, “Who does this tree belong to anyway?”

“Yes, who?” asked Enrique.

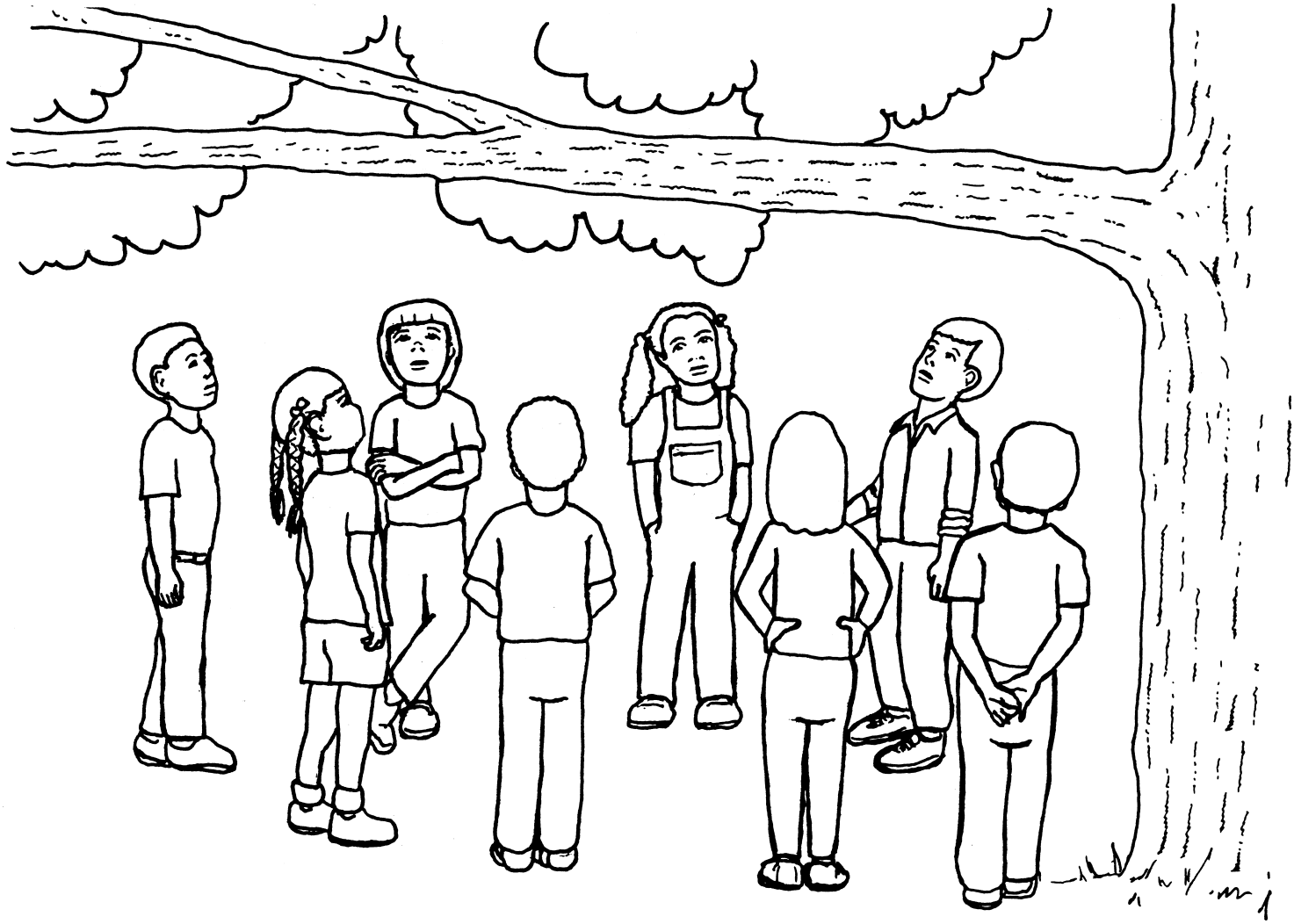
“Who?” asked Michael.

“Who?” asked Lizzy and Nathan.

“Who,” said a voice from above.

They all looked up, and there sat the owl.

“Who,” he said.



He was a big owl, as big as a cocker spaniel.

“Who,” he said again.

“Well, it’s not my tree,”
said Jason.

“Not mine,”
said Enrique.

“Sure not mine,”
said Kim.

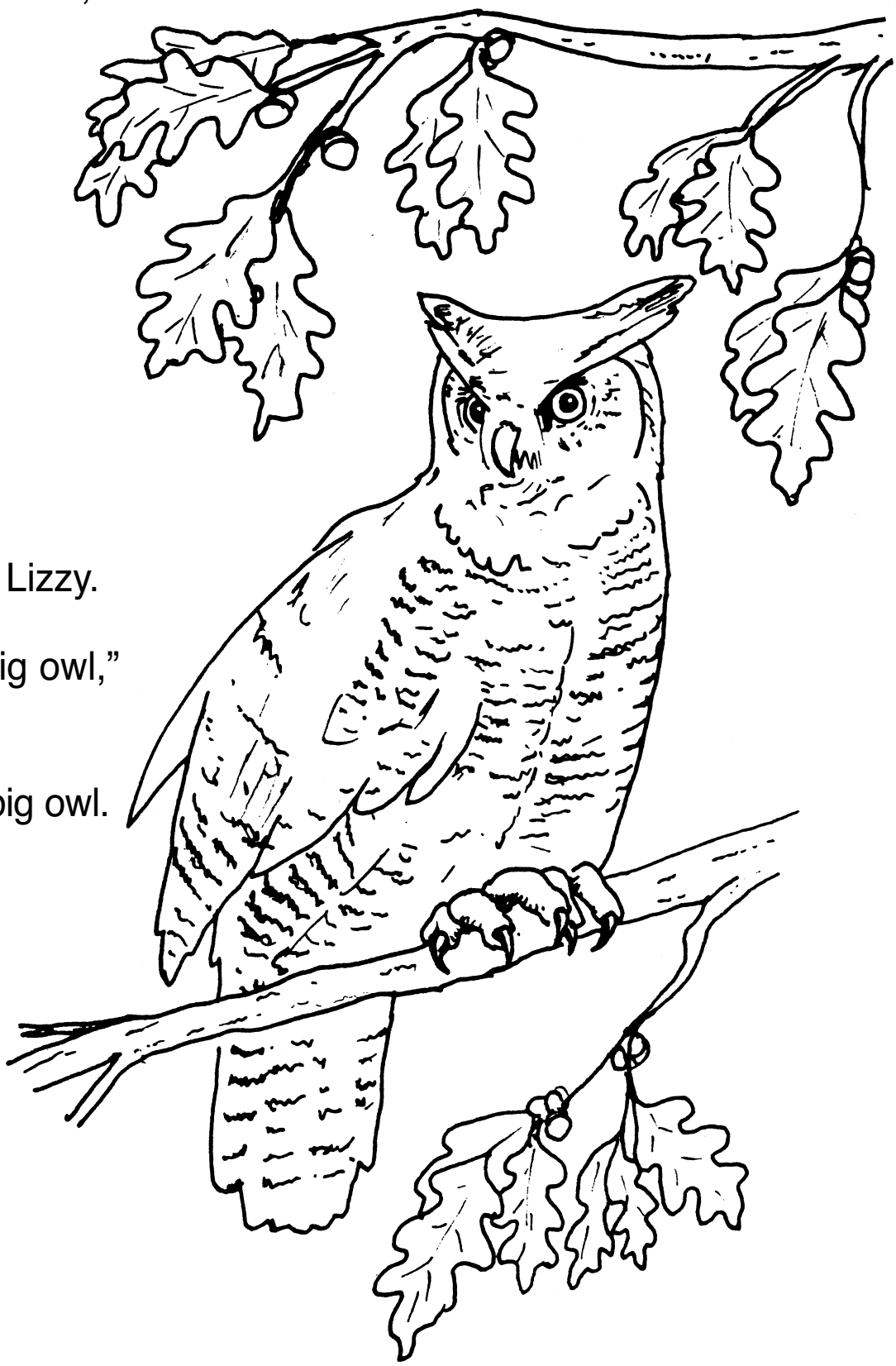
“Well, I like it,
but it’s not my
tree,” said Anne.

“Not mine,” said Lizzy.

‘That sure is a big owl,”
said Nathan.

“Who,” said the big owl.

“Maybe it’s the
owl’s tree,”
said Lucy.



Just then, they saw a mother squirrel with two babies, jumping from branch to branch.

“Maybe it’s the squirrel’s tree,” said Michael.

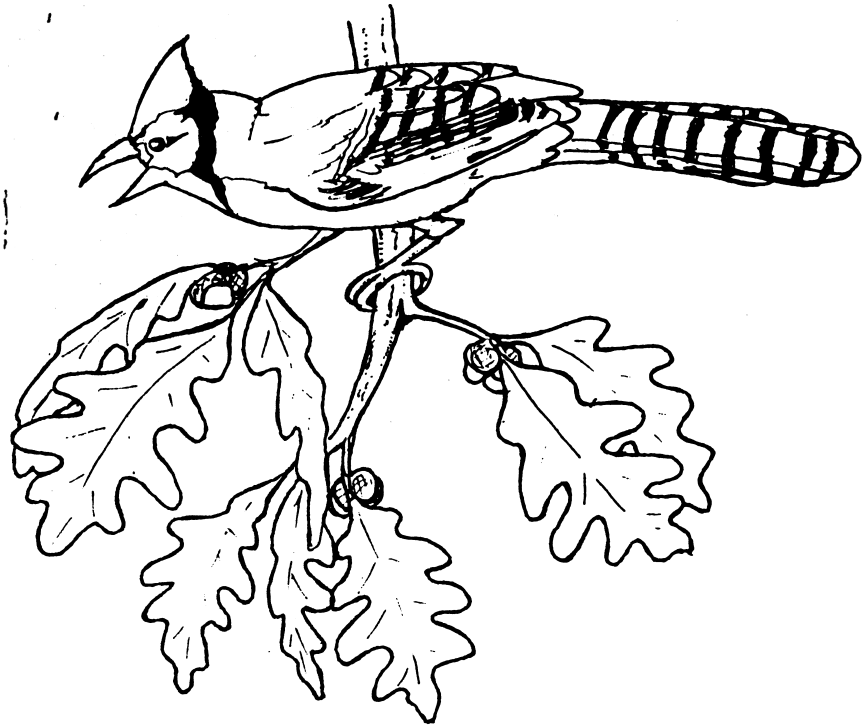
A blue jay made a very loud noise trying to scare the squirrels.

“I know. It’s the blue jay’s tree, “ said Enrique.

“Who,” said the owl.

Then Lizzy said, “If all of these animals can share the tree, why can’t we?”

And that’s just what they did.



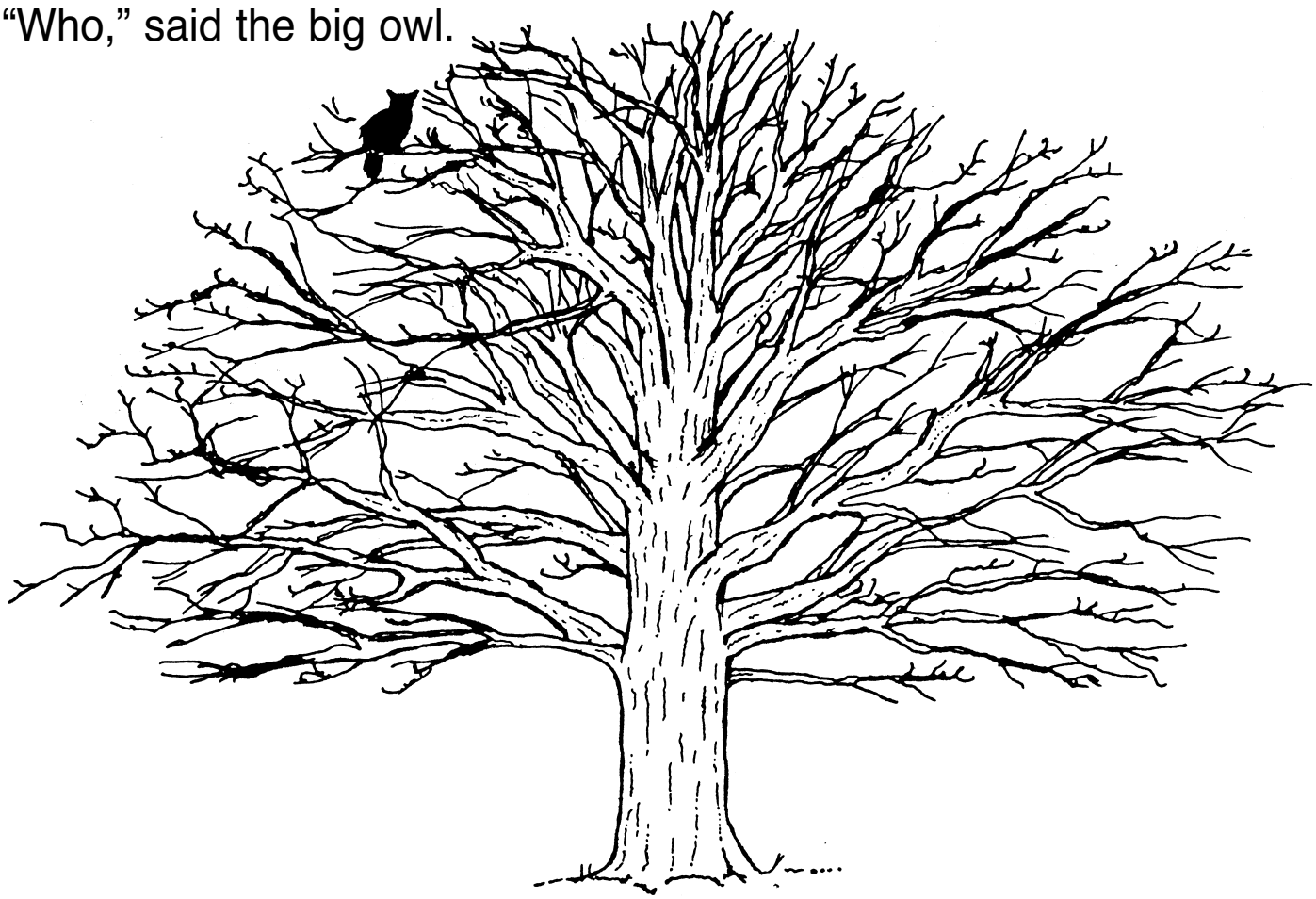
The kids from Mark Twain School had their fort. Every once in a while, they would invite the kids from Armstrong School to climb up and see the view–and to hear about their adventures.

The kids from Armstrong School had their house. Every once in a while, they would invite the Twain kids to lunch. They would bring extra sandwiches and lemonade.

All summer they shared the tree. And watched the baby squirrels grow up.

In the fall when the leaves came down, they could see the big owl better than ever.

“Who would ever argue about such a beautiful tree?” said Jason.

“Who?” asked Anne.

“Who,” said the big owl.